

# Pipe Dreams, by Megan Mader

The West stands like Tantalus –  
Endlessly taunted by the sapphire seas of the cool, blue North.  
Desert tensions send tendrils of thirst to The Lakes,  
Sucking at them like leeches  
Until a hydra's head of pipelines bursts from the depths,  
Sprawling across the continent  
Like an Amazonian parasite brought forth by Waukesha precedent –  
Not even the Greatest of Lakes could quench the infernal thirst.  
Thirst driven by politics and economics they say.  
Follow the lines of supply and demand until they intersect.  
Then watch as they run off the page and appear on the map –  
Life-giving pipe veins to make the desert bloom,  
And let the City of Angels fly,  
Straws that drain the Greats of their blue  
Until they are blue no more.  
Courtroom wars and barricaded shores  
Could not defend our Mother Superior.  
Nor Michigan.  
Nor Huron.  
Nor Ontario.  
Nor Erie.  
And eerie it is – the imminent depletion of our H-O-M-E-S